Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome doe, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the towne: report what a ſojourner we haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much leſſe in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any ſingle Crowne ath earth-ith Iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poiſned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him tad beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay when noble *Pericles* ſhall demaund his child?

Dion. That ſhee is dead, Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, not euer to preſerue, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it vnleſſe you play the impious Innocent, and for an honeſt attribute, crie out ſhee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then, yet none does knowe but you how ſhee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marianes* face, whileſt ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierſt me thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindneſſe performd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould hee ſay, we wept after her hearſe, & yet we mourne, her monument is almoſt finiſhed, & her epitaphs in glittring golde characters expres

 a gene-